

**M
A
X**
COMICS

MOENCH

GULACY

PALMIOTTI

#3

SHANGHAI: MASTERS OF KUNG FU

PARENTAL ADVISORY
**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**



Gulacy
MONTANA

DIRECT EDITION



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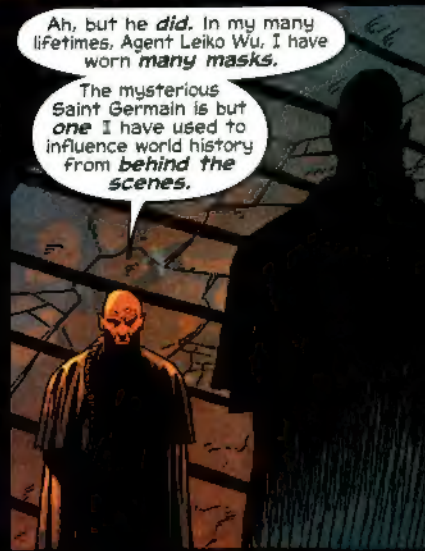
I didn't
need
to unmask
you...



The
moment I
heard your
cold, hard
voice, I knew
the "Ghost"
was you...



...knew
"Saint Germain"
never really
existed.



Ah, but he *did*. In my many
lifetimes, Agent Leiko Wu, I have
worn *many* masks.

The mysterious
Saint Germain is but
one I have used to
influence world history
from *behind* the
scenes.

Now that
the world thinks
me *dead*, it is time
to move *center*
stage.



Resurrected
as "the Ghost"...
and armed with
"Hellfire."

You're
insane.





You want to reduce *mass murder* to some *personal drama*.

Before today's decadent world can be *recreated*, it must first be *destroyed*.



And now -- finally -- its own corrupt technology provides the *means*.



And then what? You'll *rule over the ashes*?

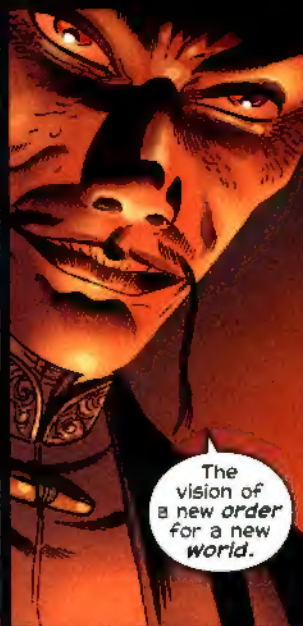
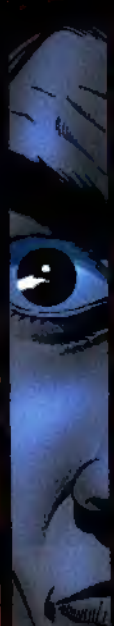


Something new and better will *rise* from the ashes.

"Better" as defined by a *madman*!



By *me*, Agent Leiko Wu, and shaped to my *vision*.



The vision of a new *order* for a new *world*.



Your vision, father, extends no further than hell.

THE
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Part 3: **Ghost in Paradise**

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BILL JENAS president



Shang-Chi!



Ah.



You still live.



As do you, my father.

And Moving Shadow has failed?

Like every other assassin sent by your hand.



A disloyal son *deserves* death! You dishonor your own flesh and blood!

You despise your *own* creator!

I *must* despise you, father -- for *many* reasons.

for teaching me *profound wisdom*, but only so that you could *manipulate* my mind.

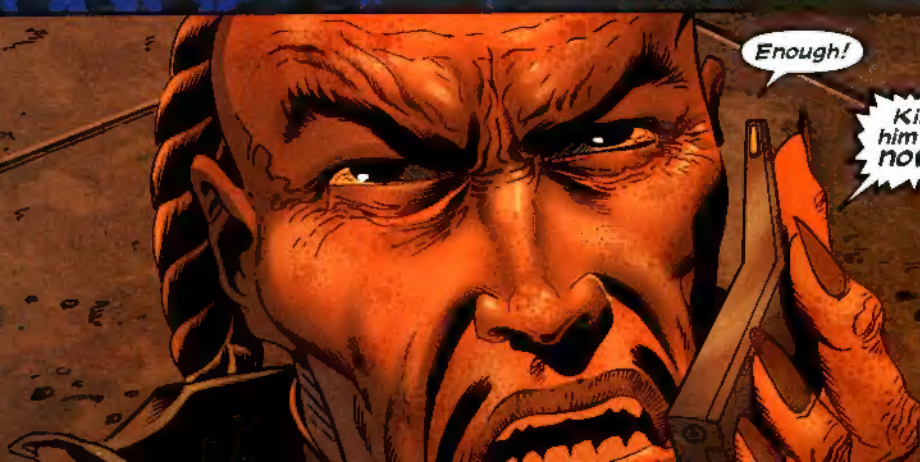


For instructing me in the skills of *self-defense*, all the while planning to shape me into a *living weapon*.

For instilling in me an *inner calm* you hoped to channel into *external violence*.

But I despise you, my father, for *one* reason more than any *other*.

For corrupting a son's love -- into *hatred* of his own father.



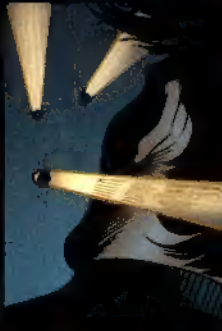
Enough!

Kill him -- *now!*



Leiko and I
have been apart
for years.

Now that
we are so
close...



This way,
Shang -- down
through the
dungeons!

...death will
not separate
us forever.

Do not let them
escape! And prepare
evacuation to the
Hellfire base!

At once,
Master!



Given our past,
there is much
to say.

Which
tunnel?

Split up
and search
them all!

But there is no
time for words...

There is only
time to act.

Wrong
way -- I don't
see them.

Keep
going! They
might be --



SKURT HWOKX

And our actions
make the years
seem like minutes.

As a team, it is
as if we were
never apart.



Where
are we going,
Leiko?

To "Paradise" --
tricked-up gardens
promised as a reward
for your father's
drugged recruits.



But first,
we have to
get through
hell.



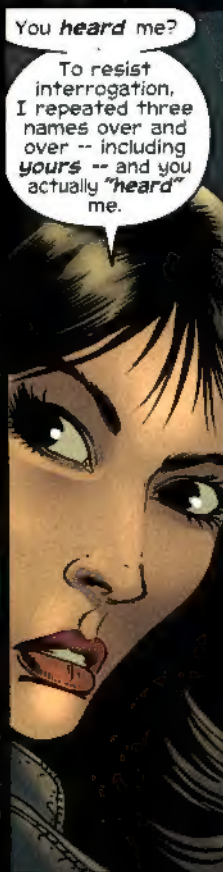
This place --
I've seen it
before... in
visions and
dreams.



Of
scorpions...



And of
you, Leiko,
calling out
to me.



You *heard* me?

To resist
interrogation,
I repeated three
names over and
over -- including
yours -- and you
actually "*heard*"
me.



But how
could --



**SPAK
SPAK
SPAK**

Move!



This way!



I still don't understand how --



neither do I, Shang...



...but I'm glad you answered the call.



Now come on -- this tunnel system is vast.



Ready
for *departure*,
Saint Germain,
at your --

Where
is *Moving*
Shadow?



En route from Singapore
to *Hong Kong*. He was
forced to abort his first
attempt on the life
of --

Get
aboard. We
leave France
now.



You were
meditating or
sleeping?

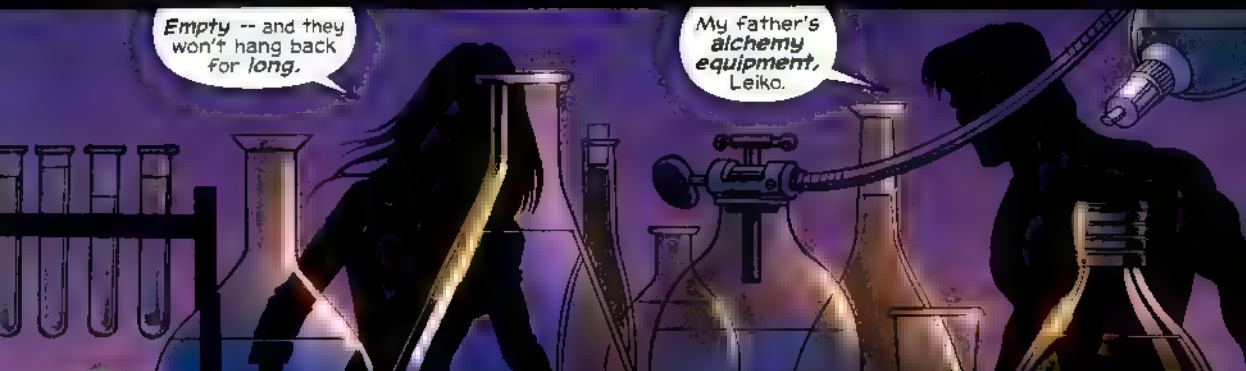
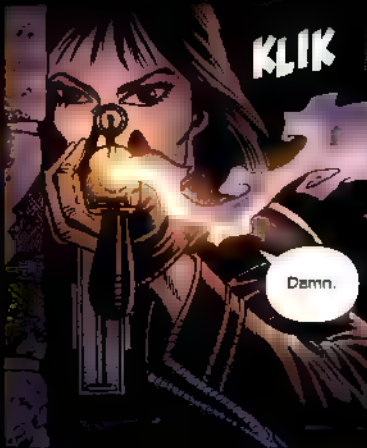
Both -- it
happened several
times.



But
always when
your mind was
open.

The other two names
I repeated were *Clive*
and *Black Jack*, but it
seems *our* psychic
link is --

BAM BAM BAM
Get
down!



Empty -- and they won't hang back for long.

My father's alchemy equipment, Leiko.



On three.

One...



...two...



Now!



KEESH

TSH

PSH

KSH

BUKSH



These *gases* will hold them back -- at least for a time.

But the "Hellfire" weapon, Leiko...



Black Jack Tarr briefed me on the threat, but is it really --

Yes -- and more!



The technology may be a throwback to the *past* -- but thanks to your father, it threatens the *future* like nothing since the *nuclear bomb*.



Given enough energy output, it can ionize the planet's entire atmosphere -- to trigger *enormous* lightning strikes.

A nearly mystical "*godlike*" power of bolts from the blue, on a *massive* scale.



And there's *more* -- less destructive, but just as *chilling*.



A combination of *mind control* and *genetic manipulation* to populate your father's new world with "*ideal*" custom-designed *subjects*.

Altered humans?



More like *humanoid cattle* -- physically perfect but completely obedient *zombie-puppets*.

This way.

A way through serene beauty -- also corrupted to my father's darker designs.

Thus far, success has been limited to the "Hellfire" weapon -- all in the area of *destruction*, none in "creation."

The genetic experiments have been grotesque *misfires*, the "misbegotten children" of --

Wha --?

No.

KSHANK

Another trap!

The Ghost is gone...

KRRRRRUUNKT

...and
we're
not.

Nor,
Leiko, are
we alone.

The failed
experiments.

Abominations
of the flesh.

My father's
other children.

Don't hold back, Shang!
They were innocent once,
but they're mindless now --
like rabid beasts!



Shall we execute flyovers, Saint Germain, until the deaths are confirmed?

No -- if they were advance agents, a full M16 assault could be imminent.



Depart for the Hellfire base now.

Radio the ground and tell the others to follow after verifying the kills.



Another reason to despise my father...

SHOKK



WUKK

In his failures, he has finally succeeded, creating offspring willing to kill without conscience...

SWOKK



...forcing us to inflict pain on tragic victims of horror.

CHU

THRAKK

FT



Shang!



CHUKT



Guns,
Leiko.



KUNCH



Two more
outside the
bars.

Approaching
guards.

Hide.



Make sure
they're *dead*.

Easy to
say...



...but
which ones
are they?

Who cares?
Just put a bullet
in every head
and --



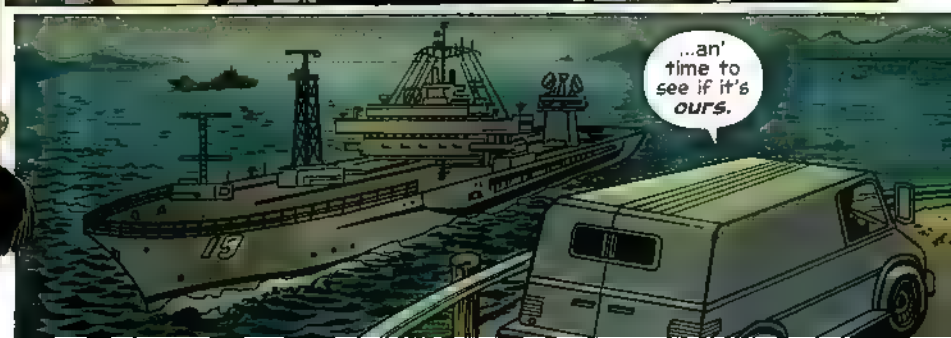
FWAKT

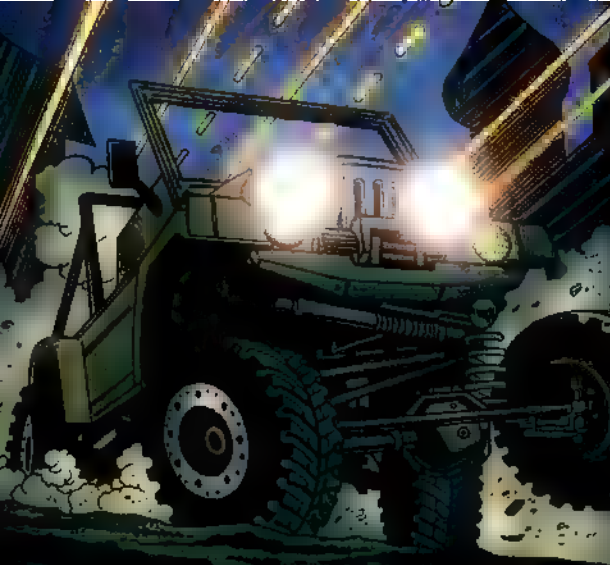


SHUMP



Change
in *plan*.





Floor it, Shang! *Dead ahead* -- and don't worry about the wall!



BAOUM



Made it -- but long after the *Ghost*.

And you don't know where he's going?



That's what I came to *learn* -- the location of the *Hellfire base* -- but I walked into his *trap* instead.

Then we go to *Hong Kong* -- where Black Jack Tarr and your *husband* are tracking the scalar shipment.



You...you *know* I married Clive? And you still *came* for me?

It's *why* I came.

To help *me*... or to help *Clive*?



Is there a *difference*?





What do you *see* down there, Stone?

Correct markings, Commander Spetz, the right ship with the *scalar* goods -- the last cutting-edge components required to activate the *Hellfire* weapon...



...offloading for *transshipment* through this port.

Excellent -- and that *van* below our position?

Looks like a stakeout by... yes... *Clive Reston*, sir, in the usual company of old man *Tarr*.



Still convinced their outdated moves can beat our team.

Okay, Omegans, prepare to *sweep the past*.



Jackpot.

Then all we gotta do is wait for the goods to be loaded up again -- an' follow its last leg to Saint Germain's base.



On the level, Black Jack, who do you think "Saint Germain" actually is?

He's the bloody "Ghost," Reston -- the bad guy we gotta stop.

But could he really be the "ghost" of Chi's fa-

I don't know, an' it twists my knickers even less. With the Chinaman off in France, it ain't even an issue.



You didn't think Chi would show at the Singapore safehouse either.



Meanin' what?

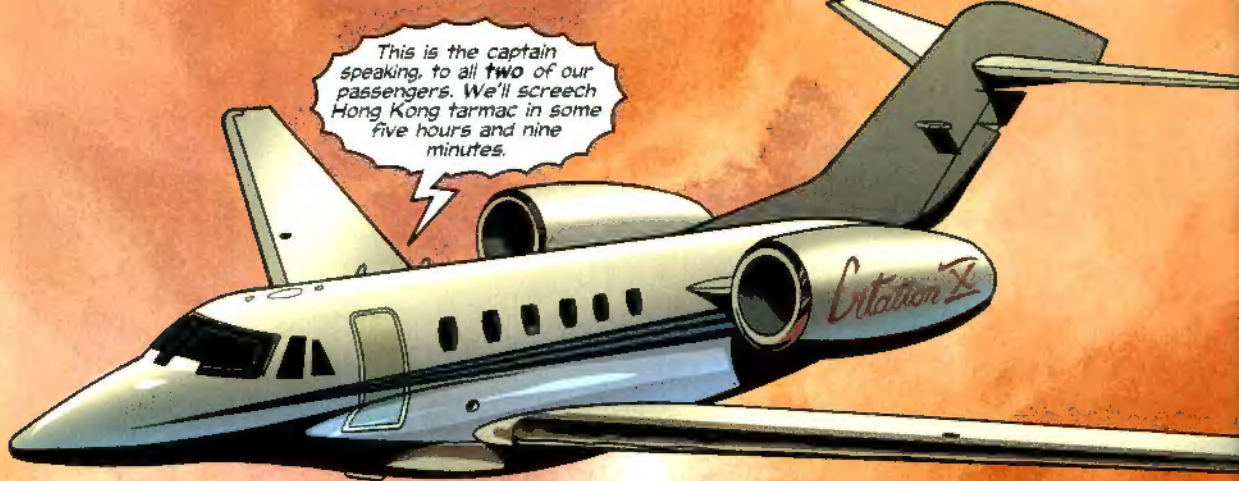
Meaning Chi could still arrive before that shipment leaves -- maybe with Leiko.

Wishful thinkin', Reston, an' you know it.

Maybe -- but right now I'm wondering what I'm doing here with you, and wishing I were there with Chi...



"...trying to save my wife."



This is the captain speaking, to all **two** of our passengers. We'll screech Hong Kong tarmac in some five hours and nine minutes.



Until then, feel free to unbuckle your bums...



...and my apologies for the crowding.

M16 humor, Leiko?



Better than the old "deceit and death" you always hated, no?



But even back then, Shang, even in the **worst** situations, we still had some **good** times, didn't we?

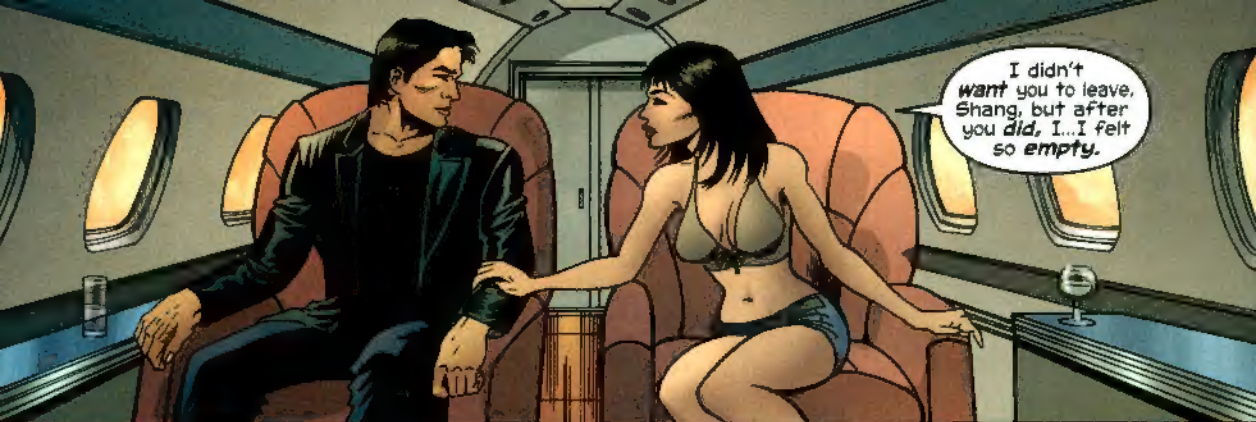
Far better than the situations **deserved**.



And what we had...it was the only thing that made it all **bearable**.



For me as well, Leiko, until deceit and death become unbearable on **any** terms.



I didn't want you to leave, Shang, but after you did, I...I felt so empty.



Cold inside...as if nothing in life could ever fill or warm me again.

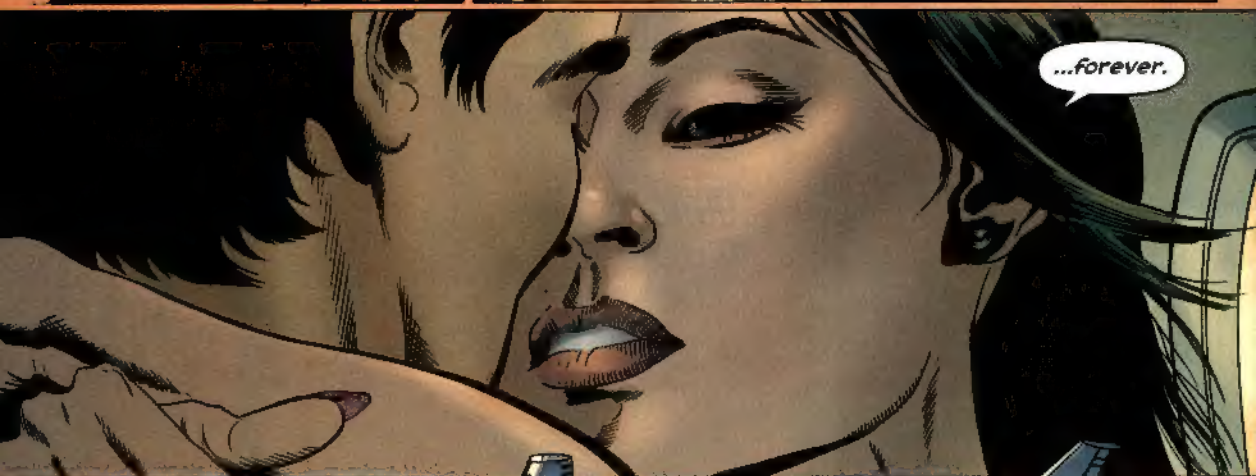


And if I had not left?

Then maybe, Shang, we could have had more than good times.



Maybe we could have had...



...forever.



NEXT Part 4: Hellfire